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OF SYMPATHY**

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The Human Touch of
Sympathy

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Compiled by J. E.

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The Human Touch of Sympathy . .

A selection of Choice
Thoughts culled from
.. many sources ..

By

J. E.

Compiler of
"Quiet Hour" and "Rosemary" Series

It is the secret sympathy
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

Sir W. Scott.

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FOREWORD

The compiler desires to thank all those who have generously consented to the use of copyright matter, and expresses his regret if anything is included, consent for which has not been obtained.

KIND DEEDS.

How little it costs if we give it a thought
To make happy some heart each day,
Just one kind word and a tender smile
As we go on in our daily way ;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbour's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

The Human Touch of Sympathy

HOPE EVER !

The sun will shine and the clouds will lift,
The snow will melt though high it drift ;
Across the ocean there is a shore,
Must we learn the lesson o'er and o'er ?
To know there is sun when the clouds droop
 low,
To believe in the violets under the snow,
To watch at the bows for the land that shall
 rise,—
This is victory in disguise.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

God never sends a sorrow,
 Without a healing balm,
And bids us fight no battles,
 But for the victor's palm ;
Yet we by earth's mist blinded,
 Knew not His holy will,
Till o'er the troubled waters,
 His voice said, " Peace be still."

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW

It is sorrow which makes our experience ; it is sorrow which teaches us to feel rightly for ourselves and others. We must feel deeply before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passions we reflect, but afterwards, when the waters have gone over our soul ; and, like the precious gems and the rich merchandise which the wild wave casts on shore out of the wreck it has made, such are the thoughts left by retiring passions.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS

Is the cross heavy ? Doth thy sorrow tire ?
Never fear !
When the Refiner's gold is in the fire
He is near.
Whom the Lord chasteneth most, He loveth
best—
Harming never,—
By Golgotha the way to heavenly rest
Passeth ever.

Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His Hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow.

J. G. Whittier.

THE MAN OF SORROWS

A Man on earth He wandered once,
All meek and undefiled :
And those who loved Him said—" He wept,"
None ever said He smiled ;
Yet there might have been a smile unseen,
When He bowed His holy face I ween,
To bless that happy child.

" The loved and lost." Why do we call them
" lost "

Because we miss them from our onward road ?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all ; and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary
load.

SHADOWS PASS

Never was there a cloud which has not passed,
A storm, however long, which did not cease,
And though our way be darkly overcast
By sorrow's shade, beyond is sure release ;
As sure as that God lives for aye and aye,
If only we keep on our steady way.

" God does not comfort us to make us com-
fortable but to make us *comforters*."

J. Jowett.

THE CROSSING OF JORDAN

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing—with a bated breath,
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

By relying on our own resources we acquire mental strength ; but when we lean on others for support, we are like an invalid who, having accustomed himself to a crutch, finds it difficult to walk without one.

The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur ; and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest grief, because they have had the profoundest sympathies.

H. Giles.

We are not to seek pain ; but when it is sent to us we are not to fret and grumble at it, but try and go cheerfully along, as though we did not feel it. It is for our good, our purification—for nothing is so purifying as pain, if it be rightly borne.

IF THOU COULD'ST KNOW

I think if thou could'st know,
O soul, that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain,
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,
I think thou would'st rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou could'st see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings, dark to thee,
Are shadows hiding light ;
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed,—
If thou could'st see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear, and wise,
and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see ;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou could'st *trust*, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou would'st find peace and rest ;
Wisdom and right are well, but trust is best.
A. Procter.

MY WISH

If a little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing !

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength,
 To help my toiling brother !

TAKE MY HAND

The way is dark, my Father ! cloud on cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand,
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
 And through the gloom lead safely home Thy
 child.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light,
I would not have thee always walk by sight ;
My dealings now thou canst not understand,
I meant it so, but I will take thy hand ;
 And through the gloom lead safely home my
 child.

H. N. Cobb.

PRAYER

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make !
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd ground refresh, as with a shower !
We kneel, when all around us seems to lower,—
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear :
We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of
power !

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this
wrong,

Or others, that we are not *always* strong,—
That we are *ever* overborne with care,—
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled,—when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with
Thee ?

R. C. Trench.

God's way is often in the deep. Dark clouds
are His chariot. He disappoints and whelms
the soul in billows that seem for the time to have
quenched every ray of light. Then we need the
steady grasp of faith upon the unseen paternal
Hand. Then we need a bright page of memory
and of experience within, upon which we can
read, "When thou passest through the waters, I
will be with thee." This will bring a gleam of
comfort into the soul, and it will know how to
glory in tribulations for Christ's sake, and to
endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

O. Street.

STRENGTH FROM THE WEAK

Once, seeing the inevitable way
My feet must tread, through difficult places lay,—
I cannot go alone, I cry dismayed ;
I faint, I fall, I perish, without aid.

Yet, when I looked to see if help was nigh,
A creature weaker, wretcheder than I,
One, on whose head life's fiercest storm had beat,
Clung to my garments, falling at my feet.

I saw : I paused no more, my courage found
I stooped and raised her gently from the
ground ;

Through every peril safe I passed at length,
For she who leaned upon me gave me strength.

P. Cary.

“ The Lord's mercies are new every morning.” What an assurance this is to carry with us in all our wayfaring through this world ! The future is always dark to us. The shadows brood over it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadows, what is behind the veil, what is advancing out of the impervious mist, none of us can know. We have no anxious questions to ask. This is enough for all that is coming : “ The Lord's mercies are new every morning.” Live a comforted, happy, and thankful life ! Take up each day as it comes, certain of this, that, whatever it lays upon you to do or bear, it will bring new mercies for new needs.

A. L. Stone.

THE SOUL'S QUEST

I would walk softly with my fellow-men,
Content to be, nor seek for things too high ;
I would know love a little while, and then
Bid all good-bye.

And yet it may not be, there is no rest ;
An angel beckons, but I grope and fall ;
Life tantalizes with an endless quest,
And that is all.

It may be it is better so to live,
With hands outstretched, and eyes that hope
to see.
It may be that God has greater gifts to give
Unknown to me.

T. Wemyss Reid.

IN HIS CARE

When some great cross is laid across our way,
we say,
" God chose this cross to be
My burden ; though it woundeth me,
I am content " :
But when the fair sky of our day is rent
By lesser ills of life, and we
Go blundering into ways we could not see ;
Start, wounded by man's hand ;
And stand

IN HIS CARE

Impatiently perplexed, we say,
"Man and bewildering circumstance combine
to lay
My plans upon the dust,—my peace to take":
And so forgotten, we would make
Of second causes power which only dwells
With God. He spells
The wording of life's page with stammering lip,
who reads
That chance, or man's mistaking hand, leads
On the thread of life. God rules.
The tools
Of evil, by His hand constrained,
Work out His bidding, and, though stained
Life's record, in between us and all second
cause
God stands, permitting or restraining; and
because
His presence is our shield, we well may say,
"No chance befalls me any day,
And men are but His tools, to shape me still
A closer pattern of His will."

G. Klinge.

ENDURING LOVE

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.

R. W. Emerson.

THE ETERNAL HOME

Alone ! To land upon that shore !
With no one sight that we have seen before,—
 Things of a different hue,
 And sounds all strange and new,
No forms of earth or fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore,
Knowing so well we can return no more ;
 No voice or face of friend,
 None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,—
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ? No ; God hath been there long
 before,—
Eternally hath waited on that shore,
 For us who were to come
 To our eternal Home.
Oh ! is He not the lifelong Friend we know
More privately than any friend below ?

Alone ? That God we trust is on that shore,
The faithful One, whom we have trusted more,
 In trials and in woes,
 Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife.
Oh ! we shall trust Him more in that new life !

THE ETERNAL HOME

So not alone we land upon that shore,—
'Twill be as if we had been there before ;
 We shall meet more we know
 Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,—
Our Home at once with the Eternal Love.
F. W. Faber.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE

Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what
 they thought
Of future glory which religion taught.
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too ;
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,
“ Believe ? Expect ? I *know* it to be true ! ”
John Byrom, 1691-1763.

We must not be in a hurry to fix and choose
our own lot ; we must wait to be guided. We
are led on, like the little children, by a way that
we know not. It is a vain thought to flee from
the work that God appoints us, for the sake of
finding a greater blessing to our own souls ;
as if we could choose for ourselves where we
shall find the fulness of the Divine Presence,
instead of seeking it where alone it is to be
found,—in loving obedience.

George Eliot.

WINTER AND SPRING

The house was silent, and the light
Was fading from the Western glow ;
I read, till tears had dimmed my sight,
Some letters, written long ago.

The voices that have passed away,
The faces that have turned to mould,
Were round me in the room to-day,
And laughed and chatted as of old.

The thoughts that youth was wont to think,
The hopes now dead for evermore,
Came from the lines of faded ink
As sweet and earnest as of yore.

I laid the letters by and dreamed
The dear dead past to life again ;
The present and its purpose seemed
A fading vision full of pain.

Then with a sudden shout of glee,
The children burst into the room,
Their little faces were to me
As sunrise in the cloud of gloom.

The world was full of meaning still,
For love will live though loved ones die ;
I turned upon life's darkened hill
And gloried in the morning sky.

FAITH'S PRAYER IN THE DARK

Help me, O Lord, if I shall see
Times when I walk from Hope apart,
Till all my days but seem to be
The troubled weekdays of the heart.

Help me to find in seasons past,
The hours that have been good or fair,
And bid remembrance hold them fast,
To keep me wholly from despair.

Help me to look behind, before,
To make my past and future form
A bow of promise, meeting o'er
The darkness of my day of storm.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT

God gets some souls in shade, alone ;
They have no daylight of their own :
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night ;
The greater heaven hath grander light.
To-day is close ; the hours are small ;
Thou sitt'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind ;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief ; the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

BARREN DAYS

What of these barren days, which bring no
flowers
To gladden with fair tints and odours sweet,—
No fruits, that with their virgin bloom entreat
Kisses from rose-red lips, that in dim bowers
Pout with a thirsty longing ? Summer showers
Softly, but vainly, fall about my feet :
The air is languid with the summer heat
That warms in vain,—what of these barren
hours ?
I know not ; I can wait, nor haste to know ;
The daily vision serves the daily need.
It may be some revealing hour shall show
That, while my sad, sick heart did inly bleed
Because no blossom came, nor fruit did grow,
An angel hand had sowed celestial seed.

What will occur to-day ? One does not know, but one hopes ; our very ignorance as to happiness constitutes its charm ; this is so true, that God has made Paradise a mystery to us. Those who would understand everything do not know how to be happy. If I could, I would not lift the curtain of the future. What is concealed beneath it might perhaps be too terrifying ; to sustain the vision of things to come, one should be saint or prophet. I consider it a blessing to see no further than a day,—than the next moment.

Eugénie de Guérin.

A CURE FOR GRIEF

Here, all about you, while your vain dream
lingers,

Lies God's own work—that waits for you
to do.

Lift up your head, reach out your tired fingers,

And take the crown His love holds out to you.

What, dream—while children starve for love
and pity?

Dream—while lost souls cry out for one to
save?

Go forth, and in the griefs of this great city

Your grief shall find a holy, humble grave!

It is the everlasting faithfulness of God that makes a Bible promise “exceeding great and precious.” Human promises are often worthless. Many a broken promise has left a broken heart. But since the world was made God has never broken a single promise made to one of His trusting children. “He is not a man, that He should lie.”

C. H. Spurgeon.

Grief counts the seconds; Happiness forgets the hours.

AT LAST !

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown :

Thou who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,
And kindly faces to mine own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father ! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

AT LAST !

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
Where flows for ever through heaven's green
expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long.

J. G. Whittier.

THE HUSH-TIMES OF LIFE

There is help in the still places of life, its retreats, its withdrawals for communion with God and one's own soul. Bereavement is one of the still places of life ; disappointment is another ; pain is another. Every time of trial, every time of spiritual awakening, is a time of withdrawal for the soul, when it meets with the angel of God and wrestles with him for a blessing. It is in the still places of life that we learn more perfectly God's will concerning us.

James Buckham.

SHUT IN WITH GOD

God sometimes shuts the door, and shuts us in,
That He may speak, perchance through grief
or pain,
And softly, heart to heart, above the din,
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door, and keeps us
still,
That so our feverish haste, our deep unrest,
Beneath His gentle touch may quiet, till
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though
shut in,
If 'tis His hand, shall we not wait and see ?
If worry lies without, and toil, and sin,
God's word may wait within for you and me.

Calm 'mid the rush of life,
Peace 'midst afflictions ;
Storm-voices turned to breathe
Low benedictions.
E'en though to me denied
Joy's effervescence,
Stillness of joy in Thee
Grant with Thy presence !
So dark and cloudy days,
If thy smile speed me,
Best shall show forth Thy praise :
Father, thus lead me.

S. Elliott.

SEEDS AND WORDS

I dropped a seed beside a path,
And went my busy way,
Till chance, or fate,—I say not which,—
Led me, one summer day,
Along the self-same path ; and lo !
A flower blooming there,
As fair as eye hath looked upon,
And sweet as it was fair.

I dropped a sympathetic word,
Nor stayed to watch it grow,
For little tending's needed, when
The seed is good we sow ;
But once I met the man again,
And by the gladsome way
He took my hand, I knew I sowed
The best of seed that day.

God keep us through the *common* days !
The level stretches, white with dust,—
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly,—since we must,—
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark ;
To hear the lark sing we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.

Alice Cary.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Think not alone of what the Lord hath taken,
Thou whom His love hath of some joy bereft ;
But, in the moments thou art most forsaken,
Think what His love hath left.

Count up thy gains won from affliction's
losses,—

The riches gathered in no cheaper mart,—
The faith and hope,—new crowns to costly
crosses,

Wrought out by sorrow's smart.

E. E. Lay.

We are only called upon to live by the
moment. God does not bid us bear the bur-
dens of to-morrow, or next week, or next year.
And through years of long to-morrows it will
be but the same thing to do ; leaving the future
always in God's hands, sure that He can care
for it better than we. This is the rest of faith,
whose heavenly calmness no storms disquiet.

The most I love when I the least express it.
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth
below.

So when Love speechless is, she doth express
A depth in Love, and that depth bottomless.

R. Herrick,

EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS
PROMISES

As spreads the landscape on the sight,—
Green hill and meadow, wood and stream,
All glowing in the sun's glad light,
And quickened by his tender beam,—

So spread the promises divine,
And in their grace before us lie ;
With lustre clear and bright they shine
Upon Faith's strong and opened eye.

AN EVENING PRAYER

The shadows lengthen, night draws on,
The sun is setting in the west ;
We lift our voice and cry to Thee
For those dear souls we love the best.
O Father, grant them rest and light,
In that fair land which knows no night.

We watch for them, they watch for us !
And Thou art watching over all !
Thy love enfolds us as we wait
At eventide to hear Thy call.
There, in the land which knows no night,
Grant us with them Thy rest and light.

HE CARETH FOR YOU

How strong and sweet my Father's care !
The word, like music in the air,
Comes, answering to my whispered prayer,—
“ He cares for thee.”

The thought great wonder with it brings,
My cares are all such little things ;
But to the truth my glad faith clings,—
He cares for me.

Yet, keep me ever in Thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above,
And let me still Thy mercy prove,
And care for me.

Cast me not off for all my sin,
But make me pure and true within,
And teach me how Thy smile to win,
Who cares for me.

Oh, still, in summer's golden glow,
Or wintry storms of wind and snow,
Love me, my Father : let me know
Thy care for me.

And I will learn to cast the care,
Which, like a heavy load, I bear,
Down at Thy feet in lowly prayer,
And trust in Thee.

For naught can hurt me, shade or shine,
Nor evil thing touch me or mine,
Since Thou, with tenderness divine,
Dost care for me.

VICTORY TO THE RIGHT

However the battle is ended,
 . . . Keep on with your weary fight
Against triumphant night ;
Still truth proclaims this motto
 In letters of living light,—
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.
Let those who have failed, take courage ;
 Though the enemy seemed to have won,
Though his rank be strong, if he be in the
 wrong,
 The battle is not yet done !
For sure as the morning follows
 The darkest hour of night,
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

E. W. Wilcox.

REDEEMING THE TIME

Oh, trifle not with life,—'tis but an hour ;
Redeem its every moment, day by day,
 Press forward to the front !
Live for the future life ; watch, watch and
 pray ;
Remember, child of Time,
Thou art immortal ! fling not Heaven away.

Horatius Bonar.

THE END OF THE FIGHT

However the battle is ended,
 Though proudly the victor comes,
 With fluttering flags and prancing nags,
 And echoing roll of drums,
 Still truth proclaims this motto
 In letters of living light—
 No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

That melancholy phrase "It might have been,
 However sad, doth in its heart enfold
 A hidden germ of promise! For I hold
Whatever might have been shall be.

E. W. Wilcox.

OUR SPIRITUAL PART

God has not given us vast learning to solve
 all the problems, or unfailing wisdom to direct
 all the wanderings of our brothers' lives; but
 He has given to every one of us the power to be
 spiritual, and by our spirituality to lift and
 enlarge and enlighten the lives we touch.

Phillips Brooks.

THE DARKNESS OF BEREAVEMENT

. . . The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth ; but, meanwhile, pain
Is bitter and tears are salt ; our voices take
A sober tone ; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's grief and wrongs ;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning
feet.

J. G. Whittier.

THE LAST COMFORT

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned will fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again,
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honoured death-bed of the rich—
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

Each spirit weaves the robe it wears,
From out life's busy loom ;
And common tasks and daily cares
Make up the threads of doom.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN

God lets men have their playthings like the children they are, that they may learn to distinguish them from true possessions. If they are not learning that, He takes them from them, and tries the other way ;—for lack of them and its misery, they will perhaps seek the true.

George Macdonald.

THE GREAT RE-UNION

There are empty chairs in the home ; and voices we have loved to hear are silent. We shall find them in Heaven. In the churchyard—do you think they sleep there ? No ! No ! The body to dust, the spirit to God Who gave it. The home-circle will be filled again. We shall meet our friends there.

G. Vibert.

THE ETERNAL PARADOX

True rest can only be attained as Christ attained it,—through labour. True glory can only be obtained in earth or Heaven through self-sacrifice. Whosoever will save his life shall lose it : whosoever will lose his life shall save it.

Charles Kingsley.

HEROIC CHEERFULNESS

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing if you can as you go :
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low ;
And if your lips do quiver,—
God will love you the better so.

THE HIGHEST OBEDIENCE

The Kingdom of Heaven is not come even
when God's Will is our law ; it is come when
God's Will is our will.

While God's Will is our law, we are but a
kind of noble slave : when His Will is our
will, we are free children.

George Macdonald.

CONSOLATION

Art tired ?

There is a Rest remaining ! Hast thou sinned ?
There is a Sacrifice ! Lift up thy head :
This lovely world and the over-world alike
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,—
“ Thy Father loves thee ! ”

The morrow we dread may be brighter than
to-day.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES

Up, up, brave spirit !
Lo, the world is rich in blessings ;
Earth and ocean, air and wind,
Have unnumbered secrets still
To be ransacked when ye will
For the service of mankind.

THE PROMISES OF GOD

God's promises are a precious book ; every leaf drops myrrh and mercy. They are golden vessels, laden with the choicest jewels that Heaven can afford, or the soul desire. There is nothing you can truly call a mercy, but you will find it in the promises.

Phillips Brooks.

EVENSONG

I have lived, I have laboured, I have loved.
To love and to labour is the sum of living.
Now the day is far spent, and the night is at hand,
and the time draweth nigh when man shall rest from his labours. But still he shall love,
and he shall enter into rest through Him who is Light, and Life, and Love.

Sir Thomas More.

Where there is much light there is much shade.

BE PATIENT

DET. Endeavour to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be ; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking ?

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us ; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws ; but in no sort will ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth, how seldom we weigh our neighbour in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbour for God ?

Thomas A. Kempis.

Through the furnace, through the heat,
Then beneath the hammer's beat ;
Through temptations manifold
Comes the soul like burnished gold.

"GOD'S PREPARING TIME"

Perhaps you have heard of the method strange,
Of violin makers in distant lands,
Who, by breaking and mending with skilful
hands,

Make instruments having a wider range
Than ever was possible for them, so long
As they were new, unshattered, and strong.

Have you ever thought when the heart was sad,
When the days seem dark and the nights
unending,

That the broken heart, by the Father's mending,
Was made through sorrow a helper glad,
Whose service should lighten more and more
The weary one's burdens as never before?

Then take this simple lesson to heart
When sorrows crowd and you cannot sing :
To the truth of the Father's goodness cling ;
Believe that the sorrow is only a part
Of the wondrous plan that gives through pain
The power to sing a more glad refrain.

"Consider the lilies," and rest in the tender
care which has clothed the bare earth with
beauty, that everywhere, as you go about your
daily tasks, you might have around you the
greetings and the promises of a Father's tender,
considerate love.

James Baldwin Brown.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

There is a Love that smites, and if the blow fall
on us now, O Father, give us grace
To meet it bravely, having faith to know that it
is Love itself that veils Thy face,
That through the very stress and anguish we
may learn to tread the path that leads to
Thee.
There is a Love that heals, by Love's great
might, pour out Thy healing Lord on flesh,
and come
To those, who sit in darkness, give Thy light,
comfort the broken hearts and make them
whole,
Bid the right triumph, give from sin release, and
guide our feet into the way of peace.

Howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall,
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

A. H. Clough.

Be but faithful, that is all.
Go right on, and close behind thee,
There shall follow still and find thee,
Help, sure help.

Crowns never cure headaches.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE

Since in a land not barren still,
Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,
My lot is fall'n,—blest be Thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me, which choke or spill
That seed thou sow'st,—blest be Thy skill !

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,
And happy I, to be so crost,
And cured by crosses, at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distress,
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest ;
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

THE BURDEN

To every one on earth
God gives a burden, to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown ;
No lot is wholly free :
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes,
And all may see its form, and weight, and size
Some hide it in the breast,
And deem it there unguessed.

THE BURDEN

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong ;
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, " Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair,
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet ;
And, whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
Oh, leave it calmly there !

It is the lonely road
That crushes out the life and light of Heaven ;
But, borne with Him, the soul, restored, for-
given,
Sings out, through all the days,
Her joy, and God's high praise.

M. Farningham.

God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain,
But God hath promised strength from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

HIS CARE

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad ;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,
Without its rest ?
I'd rather He unlock the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say,
" Thy will is best."

I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know,—
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

The fruitful life seeks showers as well as
sunshine.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win.
What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made ?

John G. Whittier.

THE LOVING GOD

One loves you ! He has loved you long.

His love, and its sweet prayer and praise
Were in your mother's cradle song,
And made the music of your days,
When flowers were fair, and skies were blue,
For love of you.

He told the secret of His love,

When merry laughter answered Him ;
By dancing seas, in leafy grove,
Before your childhood's eyes were dim ;
When life lay like a sunny view,
For love of you.

Now, has the shadow touched your face ?

Are the days dark ? the prospects grey ?
Oh heart, be brave ! The time of grace
Can never pass from you away.
Your Friend is tender, wise and true,
For love of you.

He walked for you earth's changeful ways,

He bore for you the lonely hour,
He lived for you through toilsome days,
He met for you the tempter's power ;
And joy through sorrow this Friend knew,
For love of you.

Oh ! child of love, be not still sad,

But change the sigh to happy song.

THE LOVING GOD

For you can make the Saviour glad
By loving Him who loved you long.
So fill with praise the heavens above,
For God is love.

M. Farningham.

THE DAY OF REST

O sweet, fair day of silence,
When echoes come and go,
Of voices praising Him, the King,
Who died so long ago ;

When sunlight's benediction
Lies wondrous to behold,
As though no sin had entered in
To stain its fretted gold ;

As though its mystic beauty
His loving Hand confessed
More dreamy fair on all the air,
This still, sweet day of rest ;

As though in benediction
It brought us nearer Heaven,
His face to see, His own to be,—
Day sweetest of the seven.

G. Klinge.

Make your stumbling-blocks your stepping-
stones.

GOD'S COMFORTING

The world grows lonely, and, with many a
tear,

I stretch out longing hands in vain, to clasp
The treasures of my life, and hold them here,
But "all dear things seem slipping from my
grasp."

Oh, say not so, my heart ! One stands beside
Whose love, in all its fulness, is thine own :
That love is changeless, and, whate'er betide,
He will not leave thee,—thou art not alone !

God keeps my treasures, and some glad, bright
day,

He'll give them to my longing sight again ;
So Faith and Hope shall cheer me all the way,
And Love, their sweetest sister, soothe my pain.

Thus, taking God's full cup of comforting,
Let me give thanks ! and, pouring out most free
My life in loyal service, let me bring
To other lives the joy God giveth me.

God's treasury, where He keeps his children's
gifts, will be like many a mother's store of relics
of her children, full of things of no value to
others, but precious in His eyes for the love's
sake that was in them.

Fénelon.

ANSWERED PRAYER

Three doors there are in the temple
Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way.

O Father, give each his answer,—
Each in his kindred way ;
Adapt Thy light to his form of night,
And grant him his needed day.

O give to the yearning spirits,
That only Thy rest desire,
The power to bask in the peace they ask,
And feel the warmth of Thy fire.

Give to the soul that seeketh,
'Mid cloud, and doubt, and storm,
The glad surprise of the straining eyes
To see on the waves Thy form.

Give to the heart that knocketh
At the doors of earthly care
The strength to tread in the pathway spread
By the flowers Thou hast planted there.

For the middle wall shall be broken,
And the light expand its ray,
When the burdened of brain and the soother
of pain
Shall be ranked with the men that pray.

G. Matheson.

COMFORT IN SORROW

I do not know when or how it may please God to give you the quiet of mind that you need, but I tell you I believe it is to be had, and, in the meantime, you must go on doing your work, trusting in God, even for this. Tell Him to look at your sorrow, ask Him to come and set it right, making the joy go up in your heart by His presence.

G. Macdonald.

“Had I a thousand hearts, I’d raise
Them all in my Redeemer’s praise,”

 We sometimes cry ;
And still we find it hard to give
Our one poor offering, and live
 As He were by !

O purest, truest, boundless love !
Worthy of Him who reigns above,—
 Our Heavenly Guide !
He takes the heart we fain would give,
He deigns in it Himself to live,
 With us to ’bide.

Tune, Lord, this heart, as ’twere a lyre
Of heavenly make, till every wire
 And every chord
Wake but one strain,—one deepest thrill,
Long, louder, sweeter, fuller still,—
 Love to my Lord !

HIS WAY IS BEST

The snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn ;
Long, patient months produce the harvest fair ;
The darkling clouds the sunset's throne pre-
pare ;
'Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born ;
The tempest tracks the mountain's face adorn ;
In deepest mines are treasured gems most
rare,
The port is calmer reached through storms of
care ;
The night of weeping melts in joyful morn.
Events are not as first they meet the sight ;
The sons of God by passing griefs are blest ;
Amid the dark He ever leads to light ;
His purposes and plans are always right.
Commit thy way to Him, His way is best ;
Oh, wait for Him,—wait patiently and rest.

Christopher Newman Hall.

Every day in this world has its work ; and
every day as it rises out of eternity keeps put-
ting to each of us the question afresh, " What
will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity
and nothingness again ? "

F. W. Robertson.

When the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

Sorrow sobs in all the languages of the world.

BEYOND

Do you know
Where the dear swallows go,
When winter is near and chill winds blow?
Afar they fly
In blue ether, so high
That we cannot follow their course through the
sky,
Yet, in unknown lands of warmth and light
They live and forget our winter's night.

Do you know
Where the dear children go,
When summer fades and chill Death waits?
They soar beyond
Thoughts tender and fond,
And watch for our coming at Heaven's gate.
And haply in worlds outside our ken,
They pity the earthly sorrows of men.

Comfort me not!—for if aught be worse than
failure from over-stress
Of a life's prime purpose, it is to sit down
content with a little success.

Owen Meredith.

The grave has equal laws for all.

God can feed His own planted ones.

FOR THE LIVING

O E Taylor

We crown our departed with laurels,
And whisper with quivering breath
How nobly they stood in the conflict,
How faithful they were unto death.
But if we had come, in the heat of the strife,
With a cup of cold water, it might have been
life.

They have gone to the face of the Master—
What matters our praise or our blame?
He keeps in the book of His kingdom
The work that is done in His name;
But we missed the chance that He sent us to
make
A rugged way smoother for His dear sake.

We meant, in the hush of the evening,
At the close of some peaceful day,
To tell them how precious we held them,
But now they have slipped away;
And the heart may have longed with a secret
ache
For the one word of courage that nobody spake.

If we only had said in the morning,
“Because you are steadfast and true,
The world has a loftier vision,
My life is the richer for you,”
It might be, it may be, the wearisome day
Would have brightened and glowed with a
heavenly ray.

FOR THE LIVING

Beloved, the years that have vanished
Can never again come back,
And the treasures we miss as we journey
The heart for ever must lack.
Let us do the errands of kindness to-day,
"For never again shall we travel this way."

Let us bring to the living the roses,
And the lilies we bind for the dead,
And crown them with blessings and praises
Before the brave spirit has fled ;
As springs in the desert, as shade from the heat,
To the soul of the toiler the words will be sweet.

THE TWO ANGELS

Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans : some call her Memory,
And some Tradition ; and her voice is sweet
With deep mysterious accords : the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which
streams

A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving cheek, and shines anew,
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition ; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.

George Eliot.

KEEPING WATCH

The day is Thine,—

The long, bright summer day,
From the first dawning light till evening
closes ;

And all its merry birds and blooming roses,
And all its golden beauty, bid us say
The day, O Lord, is Thine.

The night is Thine,—

The long, dark winter's night,
Hushing our birds to sleep, our flowers con-
cealing,

But, by its hosts of glowing stars, revealing,
Through the deep sky, Thy glory and Thy
might ;

The night, O Lord, is Thine.

And life's brief day

Is also Thine, when we
Must work while light doth last, for our dear
Master ;

Oh that our sluggish feet could travel faster,
And we with readier service give to Thee
Our life's fast-fleeting day !

That darker night

Is also Thine, O Lord,
When Thou sweet sleep to Thy beloved givest ;
For, while they need'st must die, Thou ever
livest,

And o'er Thy dear ones keepest watch and ward,
Till darkness ends in light.

JUST FOR TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,—
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word,
Unthinking say ;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray ;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

Samuel Wilberforce.

This for thy comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill won't still be so ;
Clouds will not ever pour down rain.
A sullen day will clear again.

R. Herrick.

THE DAYLIGHT JOY

Does the night pass ? Is the morning far ?
Before the daylight shines a star,—

Have you seen the star in the sky ?
Has the waning moon dropped pale and low ?
Has the grey east caught a golden glow ?
O earth ! is the sunrise nigh ?

Before the daylight sings a bird ;
Has any listening mortal heard,
In the dawning still and dim,
That joyful song to coming light ?
Those notes that in their upward flight
Are like a rapturous hymn ?

The star has risen large and clear,
The glorious Day-Star ! Far and near
Men hail the glorious sign
That heralds in the brighter day,
The broader thought, the better way,
Once trod by feet divine.

The bird has sung on every shore,—
Glad mortals listen and adore,
And learn the joyful air,—
The song of Love ! Clouds break away,
The sunshine hastens up the grey,—
'Tis daylight everywhere !

Amelia E. Barr.

Never believe the worst till you must.

THROUGH DIVERS PATHS

He leads us on by paths we did not know :
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the
day,

Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on through all th' unquiet years ;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and
fears,

He guides our steps through all the tangled
maze

Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days ;

We know His will is done ;

And still He leads us on.

And He, at last, after the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in
vain,

After our toils are past,

Will give us rest at last.

The old days never come again, because they
would be getting in the way of the new, better
days whose turn it is.

G. Macdonald.

THANKSGIVING

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought ;
Lord, for the wicked will,
Betrayed and baffled still ;
For the heart from itself kept,—
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer ;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement ;
For all loss of seeming good,—
Quicken our gratitude.

W. D. Howells.

AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last ;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

Men grumble because God puts thorns on roses. Wouldn't it be better to thank God that He puts roses on thorns ?

CONFIDENCE

In Heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar about me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

A. L. Waring.

When God cuts off the shoots of our interests
it is that we may graft on our hearts the interests
of others.

E. Sewell.

FUTURE GLORIES

The airs of heaven blow o'er me,
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be
Pure, generous, brave and free.

The love of God and neighbour,
An equal-handed labour ;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

J. G. Whittier.

A BIT OF KINDLY ADVICE

Don't cover your cross with prickles,
 It is hard enough to bear,
 It needs all your courage to carry
 And not a bit to spare.
 So take it as it is given,
 And add no care nor fret,
 For under the goad the heaviest load
 Weighs tenfold heavier yet.

Don't cover your cross with prickles,
 What use are worry and tears ?
 They only cripple the spirit,
 They only darken the years.
 No ; take up your burden bravely,
 And it will surely grow
 More light each day, as along life's way,
 Your steadfast footsteps go.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing
 common things in a religious way. There is
 no action so slight or so humble but it may be
 done to a great purpose or ennobled thereby

George Macdonald.

In sorrow's night Faith's star shines clear :
 To win the crown we bear the cross ;
 And joy is born of grief and loss.
 A rainbow sleeps in every tear.

H. Coyle.

THE LESSER MINISTRIES

A flower upon my threshold laid,
A little kindness wrought unseen ;
I know not who love's tribute paid,
I only know that it has made
Life's pathway smooth, life's borders green.

God bless the gracious hands that e'er
Such tender ministries essay,—
Dear hands, that help the pilgrim bear
His load of weariness and care
More bravely up the toilsome way.

Oh, what a little thing can turn
A heavy heart from sighs to song !
A smile can make the world less stern,
A word can cause the soul to burn
With glow of Heaven all night long !

It needs not that love's gift be great,—
Some splendid jewel of the soul
For which a king might supplicate,—
Nay ! true love's least, at love's true rate,
Is tithe most royal of the whole.

James Buckham.

SUFFERING

Only suffering draws
The inner heart of song, and can elicit
The perfumes of the soul.

L. Morris.

HOPE ON

Hearts good and true
Have wishes few,
In narrow circles bounded :
And Hope that lives
On what God gives
Is Christian Hope well founded.
Small things are best :
Grief and unrest to wealth and rank are given,
But little things on little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven.

I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and miles away,
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a *need* that I should pray.
Perhaps, just then, my friend had fiercer
fight,
A more appalling weakness, a decay of courage,
Darkness, some lost sense of right :
And so in case he needs my prayer,—I pray,
Dear, do the same for me—if I intrude
Unmasked upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude
Be very sure I *need* it—therefore pray.
And so I ask not to be wise,
If thus my faith is lost to me.
Faith, that with angels voice and touch,
Says, "*Pray*, for prayer availeth much."

E. Wheeler Wilcox.

DISCORD OR CONCORD ?

"Life, Death, and brave-borne Sorrow are the
strings

Our souls are set to play," the harper sings.
Touched weakly, discords waver. Firmly
swept

Love's overture about them thrills and rings.

A. Dunbar.

Another year is dawning ; dear Master, let it
be,

In working, or in waiting, another year with
Thee :

Another year of service, of witness for Thy love,
Another year of training for holier work above,
Another year is dawning ; dear Master, let it
be,

On earth, or else in heaven, another year for
Thee.

Happiness and smiles, sorrow and tears, are
not always companions. Laughter may be
a cloak for misery, while the deepest joy may
be veiled in tears.

Time is infinitely long, and every day is a
vessel into which much may be poured if we
will fill it up to the brim.

Goethe.

LISTENING FOR GOD

I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light ;
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might ?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars ;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars !

Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
Those voices of surprise ?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the Heaven where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen ?

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in Thy heaven reign !
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul !
Thy words are sweet and strong ;
Then fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill ;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my " Peace, be still ! "

LISTENING FOR GOD

They ever seem to say : " My child,
Why seek me so all day ?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way ! "

William C. Gannett.

A MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet ;
I asked, and paused ; he answered soft and
low :

" God's will to know."

" Will knowledge then suffice, New Year ? " I
cried ;

And, ere the question into silence died,
The answer came : " Nay, but remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, " Is there no more to tell ? "
And once again the answer sweetly fell :
" Yes ! this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love."

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee,
All things are passing ;
God never changeth ;
Patient endurance attaineth all things ;
Whom God possesseth
In nothing is wanting ;
Alone God sufficeth.

St. Teresa's Book Marker.

ALL THINGS NEW

Old perfumes wander back from fields of
clover.

Seen in the light of stars that long have set ;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me, through the dusk returning
I hear the echo of departed feet :
And then I ask with vain and troubled yearn-
ing,

“ What is the charm that makes old things
so sweet ? ”

Must the old joys be ever more withholden ?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true ;
And yet from our Jerusalem the golden
God speaketh, saying, “ I make all things
new.”

Peace ! peace ! the Lord of earth and heaven
knoweth

The human soul in all its heat and strife,
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth
But the pure river of eternal life.

Serve him in daily toil and holy living,
And Faith shall lift thee to his sunlit heights ;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanks-
giving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the
lights.

TAKE MY HAND

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small, and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

John G. Whittier.

It is very easy to find reasons why other
people should be patient.

P. Brooks.

The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean toss'd
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some flow'ret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe.

Mackay.

PRECIOUS PROMISES

Does your spirit faint ? They are a dropping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hand to your mouth like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty ? They are the flowing stream of the Water of Life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day ? They are as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well-nigh slipped ? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean, and worship God. Are you sad ? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become an Elim, with palm-trees and wells of water.

Andrew Geikie.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

E. P. Allerton.

DUTY

Speak the word God bids thee !
No other word can reach
The chords that wait in silence
The coming of thy speech.

Do the work God bids thee !
One,—only one still loom
Awaits thy touch and tending
In all this lower room.

Sing the song God bids thee !
The heart of earth's great throng
Needs for its perfect solace
The music of thy song.

A. J. Hough.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and
vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

Judge not thy neighbour until thou art in
his situation.

LIFE'S STORM

One ship drives east, and another west,
With the self-same winds that blow,
 'Tis the art of the sails,
 And not the gales,
Which decide the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea, are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life ;
 'Tis the will of the soul
 That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

What can I do to-day ?
Not praise to win, or glory to attain ;
Not gold, or ease, or power, or love to gain,
Or pleasure gay ;
But to impart
Joy to some stricken heart,
To send a heaven-born ray
Of hope, some sad, despairing
Soul to cheer,
To lift some weighing doubt,
Make truth more clear,
Dispel some dwarfing care,
To lull some pain,
Bring to the fold again
Some lamb astray,
To brighten life for some one,
Now and here,—
This let me do to-day.

SOMETIME

Sometime, when o'er this life the shades of
death are falling,

When suns and stars are never more to
shine,

When from the murky mists we hear strange
voices calling

To Life Eternal and to Love Divine ;

It may be in that hour, before the light so
glorious

Shall flood our souls with radiance untold,
Before there burst to view the realms of the
victorious,

The pearly streets and gates of shining
gold,—

That to our wondering eyes, from which the
scales are lifted,

A vision of the life that's past may come ;
And we may see the rocks on which our souls
had drifted,

If God's kind care had failed to draw us
home.

Then with our souls uplifted in thanksgiving
To Him whose love this earthly life has
blessed,

I think that we shall cry,—“ O Father, so
forgiving,

Thy love was perfect, and Thy will was
best.”

M. L. Grey.

ONE'S LIFE WORK

Why live, when life is sad,
Death only sweet ?
Why fight, when closest fight
Ends in defeat ?
Why pray, when purest prayer
Dark thoughts assail ?
Why strive, and strive again,
Only to fail ?
Why hope, when life has proved
Our best hopes vain ?
Why love, when love is fraught
With so much pain ?
Why not cool heart and brain
In the deep wave ?
Why not lie down and rest
In the still grave ?
Live,—there are many here
Needing thy care ;
Pray,—there is One at hand
Helping thy prayer ;
Fight,—for the love of God,
Not for renown ;
Strive,—but in His great strength,
Not in thine own ;
Hope,—there is Heaven's joy
Laid up for thee ;
Love,—for true love outlives
Its agony.
Fight, pray, and wrestle on,
Loving God best ;
Then, when thy work is done,
Lie down and rest.

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

I can but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as bright and genial as we can, if only because to be cheerful ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

Lord Avebury.

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured
 forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

Our veiled and terrible guest (trouble) brings for us, if we accept it, the boon of fortitude, patience, self-control, wisdom, sympathy, faith. If we reject that, then we find in our hands the other gift—cowardice, weakness, isolation, despair. If your trouble seems to have in it no other possibility of good, at least set yourself to bear it like a man. Let none of its weight come on other shoulders. Try to carry it so that no one shall even see it. Though your heart be sad within, let cheer go out from you to others. Meet them with a kindly presence, considerate words, helpful acts.

G. S. Merriam.

WHEN SHADOWS FALL

When shadows fall dear, and lonesome seems
the way,

Thy faltering steps must daily, hourly go :
Remember God is leading to the cloudless day,
Where shadows never fall.

When shadows fall dear, and disappointments
press

With heavy weight upon thine aching heart,
God help thee in those hours of bitterness,
As shadows fall.

When shadows fall dear, and cast a nameless
dread

O'er burdened heart, of what the years may
bring,

Remember how the Lord on countless ways
HATH led,
Love shadowing all.

When shadows fall dear, and childhood's rosy
dreams

Of what the future years might hold in store
Have flown, and nothing but the " might have
been " remains,

And shadows fall :

Look on beyond those shadows to the golden
west,

Which tells us of the land where dreams come
true ;

Look up and say, " God knoweth what is
best,"

Though shadows fall.

WHEN SHADOWS FALL

When shadows fall dear, and mysteries deep
and dim

Perplex thy soul, till faith is well-nigh gone ;
Remember, what is dark to thee is light to
Him,

Above, no shadows fall.

When shadows fall dear, and fall they surely
will,

So long as sun, and moon, and stars, shine on ;
Then whisper softly to thyself, " Oh, heart,
be still ! "

GOD shadows ALL.

Phyllis King.

REGRETS

If only we had loved them more,
Our lost, whom love can never reach ;
Who thrill not at our tenderest speech,
Nor answer, though our hearts implore !

If only for one little day,—
One day of days,—they could return,
How would our grateful spirits yearn
To lavish treasures on their way !

Ou feet to serve them, ah, how swift !
Our hands how gentle ! and our eyes
How clear to see, should shadows rise,
Or griefs their perfect gladness rift !

Too late ! come back no vanished hours ;
But, *living* and *beloved*, there still
Remain sweet friends. Be ours the will
To strew their paths with thornless flowers !

DEATH

We have the promises of God as thick as daisies in summer meadows, that death, which men most fear, shall be to us the most blessed of experiences, if we trust in Him. Death is unclasping ; joy breaking out in the desert ; the heart, come to its blossoming time ! Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower ?

H. W. Beecher.

ETERNITY

It is when life becomes straiter by sorrow and bereavement, that men of faith see widely over the land of far distances. A divine atmosphere envelops their world, a vaster amplitude of light surrounds their being. Sorrow makes the atmosphere of the soul so transparent that the far-away things of eternity, that are usually unseen when all is well, become distinctly visible.

H. MacMillan.

The rain and the sunshine visit every heart, and the choicest blessings are those of which no external circumstances can ever deprive us.

It is time to be kind ; it is kind to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet.
It is time to be sowing ; it is time to be growing ;
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.

Anon.

HOPE IN SORROW

Despondency, hopelessness, dejection, and gloom do not come from heavy sorrows or acute disappointments. They are often most fully developed in those who have every outward means of happiness ; while some who have suffered the most intense anguish, and been deprived of the most precious joys, have yet the light of hope in their eye, and the energy of life in their step.

EXAMPLE

Say well is godly, and helps to please,
But do well lives godly, and gives the world ease.
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But do well is free on every ground.
Say well has friends—some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.
By say well many to God's word cleaves,
But for lack of do well it often leaves.
If say well and do well were bound in one
frame,
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten
were gain.

[Found in earliest extant edition of "Gude
and Godlike Ballates."]

Everywhere are hearts that need and hunger
for what you have to give, and God has given
love to you for the very purpose of blessing
those whom He sends to you day by day.

J. R. Miller.

BUILDING

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way.
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose,

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine ;
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair ?
Lo, its name is Character !

Build it well, whate'er you do ;
Build it straight, and strong, and true ;
Build it clean, and high, and broad ;
Build it for the eye of God !

SYMPATHY

Sympathy originates in the affection which we naturally have towards others. It is rooted and grounded in love, and is a branch of love, and a grace of a high order. In it our hearts beat responsive to the hearts of others. We enter into their feelings ; we identify ourselves with them.

McCosh.

WHAT MAKES A FRIEND

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Whittier.

Life is an opportunity for service ; not as
little as we dare, but as much as we can.

B. F. Westcott.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring,
Clear as songs of birds in spring,
Let every day some music bring,
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
To-morrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay,
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go.
Show it now.

C. M. Skinner.

CULTIVATE SYMPATHY

God has so formed us, that our spiritual and moral cure is to be wrought by the blessing of His grace upon our practical efforts. We must gain tender, sympathetic hearts, hearts which, indeed, honour our brethren, not by cultivating abstract sensibilities, but by practising kindly actions. It is not in the cell of the meditative monk, but in him who mingles always the night watchings and prayers of the Mount of Olives with daily ministrations to a suffering multitude, that the earnest reality of sympathy is most surely to be found.

Bishop Wilberforce.

If you would have sunlight in your home, see that you have work in it; that you work yourself and set others to work. Nothing makes moroseness and heavy-heartedness in a house so fast as idleness. The very children gloom and sulk if they are left with nothing to do. Every day there is the light of something conquered in the eyes of those who work. In such a house, if there be also the good temper of love, sunshine never ceases. For in it the great law of humanity is obeyed, a law which is also God's law. For what said Christ? "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Sunlight comes with work.

S. A. Brooke.

SOMEBODY

Somebody did a golden deed,
Somebody proved a friend in need,
Somebody sang a beautiful song,
Somebody smiled the whole day long,
Somebody thought " 'Tis sweet to live,"
Somebody said " I'm glad to give,"
Somebody fought a valiant fight,
Somebody loved to shield the right ;
Was that " Somebody " you ?

There is no action so slight or so mean but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled thereby, nor is any purpose so great but that it may be helped by slight actions, and may be so done as to be helped much, most especially, the chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God. His is not the finest authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.

Ruskin.

If love is not worth loving, then life is not
worth living,
Nor aught is worth remembering but well forgot ;
For store is not worth storing, and gifts art not
worth giving,
If love is not.

C. Rossetti.

WHAT KINDNESS DOES

It adds sweetness to everything. It is kindness that makes life's capabilities blossom, and paints them with their cheering hues, and endows them with their invigorating fragrance. Whether it waits on its superiors, or ministers to its inferiors, or disports itself with its equals, its work is marked by a prodigality which the strictest discretion cannot blame. . . . If it goes to soothe a sorrow it does more than soothe it. . . . Even when it is economical in what it gives, it is not economical of the gracefulness with which it gives it. . . . See how, turn which way we will, kindness is entangled with the thought of God !

Ask God to give thee skill in comfort's art
That thou may'st consecrated be
 And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy ;
For heavy is the weight of ill
 In every heart,
And comforters are needed much
 Of Christ-like touch.

There are in this world blessed souls whose sorrows spring up into joys for others ; whose earthly hopes, laid in the grave with many tears, form the seed whence spring healing flowers and balm for the desolate and the afflicted.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

QUIET STRUGGLES

There are quiet victories and struggles, great sacrifices of self and noble acts of heroism in it, even in many of its apparent lightnesses and contradictions—not the less difficult to achieve because they have no earthly chronicle or audience—done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts.

In all the dark days take fast hold of His sympathy and strength, and hacked and hewed as you may be by the keen steel of trial, until not a green leaf or blossom is left in your life, you shall become a lute of God, making sweet music for evermore.

W. L. Watkinson.

In Heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar about me,
My heart may low be laid ;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

Anna L. Waring.

The world has no sympathy with any but positive griefs, it will pity you for what you lose, never for what you lack.

THE LITTLE WORD OF KINDNESS

In the intercourse of social life, it is by the little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses if sought for, are for ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks that affection is won, and preserved.

G. A. Sala.

SORROW AND SERVICE

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely would be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart,
Life would be disenchanted.

It seems to me it is the same with love and happiness as with sorrow—the more we know of it the better we can feel what other people's lives are or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to them and wishful to help them.

George Eliot.

FRIEND SORROW

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her—
Grief will pass away ;
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day.
Tell her, if you will, That sorrow
Need not come in vain ;
Tell her, That the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort—
Soon she will forget.
Bitter truth, alas ! but matter
Rather for regret.
Bid her not seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things :
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
'Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet ;
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
By her dusky wings—
Listening for the murmured blessing
Sorrow always brings.

Adelaide A. Procter.

The silent pressure of the hand is often of more vital good than a whole volume of good counsel.

YOUR LIFE

A sacred burden is this life ye bear ;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

F. Kemble.

HELPFULNESS

Next only to the man who achieves the greatest and most blessed deeds is he who, perhaps himself wholly incapable of such high work, is yet the first to help and encourage the genius of others. We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labours, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy, and recognition of merit, than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.

Canon Farrar.

SAD THINGS

If I list to sing of sad things oft,
It is that sad things in this life of breath
Are truest, sweetest, deepest. Tears bring forth
The richness of our natures, as the rain
Sweetens the smelling brier.

R. Buchanan.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING

Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year ; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening, Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

Dr. Chalmers.

Through love to light ! Oh, wonderful the
way

That leads from darkness to the perfect day !
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light ! Through light, O God,
to Thee,

Who art the love of love, the eternal light of
light !

R. W. Gilder.

SYMPATHY

Of all the blessings that gladden our earthly pilgrimage, sympathy is the sweetest ; of all the gifts of God a friend is the chief. The man of science has his associate ; the man of crime his accomplice ; the man of pleasure his companion ; and in all these there is sympathy.

Anna Shipton.

SERVICE

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?
Or is thy heart oppressed by woes untold ?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief ?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of
gold.
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold,
Close to its heart the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty —Not when all unrolled
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfume throughout the
ambient air.

Wilcox.

JOY GIVERS

There are souls in the world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them where they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.

Faber.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS

But as we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry !
The contact of the soil and seed ;
Each giving to the other's need—
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each as well as blest !

S. Coolidge.

Sympathy is founded on love. It is but another word for disinterestedness and affection. We assume another's state of mind ; we go out of ourselves and inhabit another's personality. We sympathize with him ; we help him ; we relieve him. There can be no love without sympathy ; there can be no friendship without sympathy. Like mercy, sympathy and benevolence are twice blessed, blessing both the giver and the receiver. While they bring forth an abundant fruit of happiness in the heart of the giver, they grow up into kindness and benevolence in the heart of the receiver.

Samuel Smiles.

Now let us thank th' eternal power, convinc'd
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction :
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days !

John Brown.

SORROW

We shrink from the touch of sorrow, but it shapes us into nobleness, as the chisel the statue of the sculptor.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.
But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very springs of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.
For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

R. C. Trench.

The Life Radiant comes when one can as sincerely thank God for pain as for joy ; when, after long groping in the darkness, clinging, indeed, to his faith in God (for without that he could not live an hour, though that faith be totally without sight), he suddenly realizes how a great sorrow has wrought in him a great result ; that it has perfected and crystallized all that was nebulous in his faith, and that it has absolutely brought him into perfect rest in the Divine Will.

Lilian Whiting.

COMPANIONSHIP

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings :
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went ;
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

William Cowper.

Sympathy appears to me the essence of sublimity, both in music and poetry. The measure of poetry is its depth—depth of emotion, not meaning ; when it beats with a heart, breathes with the tenderness of a soul : this is the emotional depth of poetry ; by this, with this, for this, it lives and loves and suffers ; pines through long waste of years ; droops, sun-scorched and wind-blown, hidden in the valley ; waits hopefully the issue of a hundred days of doubt, oftentimes faints low even to the border-land, but never dies ; for its vitality is established upon the basis which gives vitality to the soul, and the soul becomes poetry, and poetry becomes soul, and the soul cannot die.

J. M. B.

SORROW

“We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away ! ” Ah ! but we sometimes never know each other until we meet together in the mist ! It is in the common cloud that the family finds its kinship. It is in our sorrow that deep calleth unto deep, and our communion is revealed.

J. H. Jowett.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
 Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
 Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though
 heart should bleed—
 Through Peace to Light.

A. A. Procter.

Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy.

LOVE

No message is so swift and certain as Love ;
no Love has been so strong as that which has
on it the imprint of the wounded hands and
feet.

Rev. John Watson.

For human hearts are harps Divinely strung,
And framed diversely ; waiting for the power
Of kindred soul, and on each chord is hung

A wondrous dower

Of song and glory ! which, if touch'd aright,
Would fill the world with light !

T. Fowell.

Sympathy produces harmony ; it smooths
off the rough edges of conflicting characters ;
it brings the cheeriness of the hopeful to chase
away the fears of the desponding ; it draws re-
inforcement for the weakness or the want of
some from the wealth or strength of others.

Patience, accomplish thy labour ; accomplish
thy work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient
endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till
the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven !

H. W. Longfellow.

SYMPATHY

There is only one lamp which we can carry in our hand, and which will burn through the darkest night, and make the light of a home for us in a desert place: it is sympathy with everything which breathes.

Nothing be sure can wholly pass away,
And nothing suffers loss, if love remain.

I know enough of gardening to understand, that, if I would have a tree grow up upon its south side, I must cut off the branches there. Then all its forces go to repairing the injury; and twenty buds shoot out, where, otherwise, there would have been but one. When we reach the garden above, we shall find that, out of those very wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing precious fruit, a thousand-fold.

Henry W. Beecher.

If we could learn to forget by forgiving, many a heartache would cease to-day.

The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an influence—an influence compared with which mere language and persuasion are feeble.

Horace Bushnell.

A HELPING HAND

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
 But its clasp was warm,
 And it saved from harm
A sister whose strength was failing.

Its touch was tender as angels' wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs
And pointed the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little availing.

A SMILE

What a lot of good you'd do
 If you'd smile,
As this world you travel through,
 If you'd smile.
Though you're neither rich nor clever,
Though your youth be gone for ever,
Yet one thing you can endeavour,
 You can smile.

Grace Arundel.

For the sake of those who love us,
For the sake of God above us,
Each and all should do their best,
To make music for the rest.

No service in itself is small,
 None great, though earth it fill,
But that is small that seeks its own,
 And great that seeks God's will.

SORROW'S EDUCATION

Every fresh sorrow we endure is like learning a fresh language, because it enables us to speak to a fresh set of souls in their own tongue and to understand and sympathize.

Mdme. Swetchine.

When a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud and night
Wait for God's to-morrow,
All will then be bright.
Only wait and trust Him
Just a little while,
After evening tear-drops
Shall come the morning smile.

F. R. Havergal.

If there were no clouds there would be no rainbow.

The man who would become popular with others must first learn to forget himself. How useless it is to visit a brother in adversity laden with our own troubles. We must first bury our own sorrow, then we shall go forth with an attentive ear and a sympathizing heart.

Ruby Ellis.

Sympathy is the key that fits the lock in any heart.

Nearly all God's jewels are crystallized tears.

THE PROMISE OF TO-DAY

I wake this morn and all my life
Is freshly mine to live
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give.
New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
Perchance new burdens I may bear
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More hardly to fulfil.

If one touch of nature makes the whole
world kin, methinks that sweet and wonderful
thing sympathy is not less powerful. What
frozen barriers, what ice of centuries it can
melt in a moment.

C. Reade.

Who bends in sympathy rises strengthened.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day,
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

M. F. Butts.

LIFE'S LITTLE TRIALS

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears,
There's never a life so happy
But has its time for tears,
Yet the sun shines out the brightest
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night :
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and the light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad ;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad.
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

Always say a kind word if you can if only
that it may come in perhaps, with singular
opportuneness, entering some mournful man's
darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose
happy convolutions he cannot but watch, for-
getting his many troubles.

Arthur Helps.

Patience is sorrow's salve.

REMEMBRANCE

Can we forget one friend,
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us toward our end,
Which nerved us for our race ?

Oh, sad to toil, and yet forego
One presence which has made us know
To God-like souls how deep our debt !
We would not, if we could, forget.

Charles Kingsley.

TENDERNESS TOWARDS OTHERS

Bear with each other's faults. Love one another, and help one another. Pity each other. Bear each other's burdens. We are all moving on a great march—a vaster assembly than ever moved through the wilderness of old—and when we stand revealed to Him, and He to us, and we to each other, we shall look back with unspeakable sorrow at the jars, and the discords, and the uncharities of this mortal life ; and for every sweet kindness, for every loving hopefulness, for every patience, and for every self-denial or self-sacrifice, we shall lift up thanks to Almighty God.

Look straight into the light, and you will always have the shadows behind you.

Bishop of London.

SYMPATHY

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Pope—Universal Prayer.

SORROWS AND MERCIES

Think how little a space one sorrow really makes in life. See, too, how we magnified its import when it was with us, and how our life sails triumphantly over it. We thought the wing was broken, but we had really only bruised a feather.

REST

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best ;
'Tis onward, unswerving !
And that is true rest.

Goethe.

INFLUENCE

Time passes onward with returnless wing ;
And action, too, like Time, may seem to pass,
To pass and be no more ; but 'tis not so,
For influence never dies, and every act,
Emotion, look, and word, makes influence tell
For good or evil, happiness or woe,
Through the long future of eternity.

I WILL NOT WORRY

I will not worry, I will trust,
God knows I am a child of dust ;
He knows I long to do His will,
Though darkness closes round me still.

I will not worry, I will hope,
Perhaps upon some sunny slope
The flowers are waiting for me there,
While here the hills are bleak and bare.

I will not worry, I will pray,
I know God cares for me to-day ;
And trusting ever in His love,
I'll tread the path that leads above.

H. Dusenburg.

The world is full of noble tasks
And wreaths hard won ;
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands
Till day is done.

WORDS TO THE LIVING

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.

C. Kingsley.

FAREWELL

What means this word farewell, blending in harmony, sweetness, and melancholy? Why does it fall with such a crushing weight upon the listener's ear? Why do bright eyes grow dim, and rosy cheeks rival the lily's whiteness, as this momentous word falls from the lips of some long cherished one? Alas! it tells of childhood, weeping at its first sorrow; of leaving home and country to seek more happiness, more joy; of poverty and struggles with the cold world; of beauty fled from earth.

E. J. Worboise.

LOVE AND SERVICE

If kindnesses be not rendered it is nonsense to talk of *loving*. Love is full of service all its days. Its happiness is to acquire in order that it may bestow. Instead of being, as some have pictured it, a quiet sentiment, in its reality it is one of the most energetic and busy principles in creation. Tireless in ministry, it is always giving. If the gifts do not appear, we may doubt the sincerity of the profession.

DROP A WORD

Drop a word :—

One little seed becomes a tree,
One little drop helps fill the sea,
One ray of light bids darkness flee.

Drop a word :—

One little spark oft lights the fire,
One little look excites desire,
One little spot betrays the mire.

Drop a word :—

One little star lights up the night,
One little speck will spoil the sight,
One little blow makes thousands fight.

Drop a word :—

One little mark betrays the thief,
One little kindness brings relief,
One little sin eternal grief.

Drop a word :—

One little beam will show the sun,
One little word life's race how won,
And pearly gates when life is done.

W. P. Balfern.

The greatest thing ■ man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind and sympathetic to some of His other children.

Two noble souls discover their relationship first by the like love they bear to ■ third.

JOY IN KINDNESS

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
 Let me give something that shall aid my kind,
 A word of courage, or a thought of health
 Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.
 Let me to-night look back across the span
 'Twixt dawn and dark and to my conscience
 say,
 Because of some good act to beast or man—
 The world is better that I lived to-day.

LOVE AND SACRIFICE

We could never have felt the joy, never have had even the idea, of love, if sacrifice had been impossible to us. In our truest and intensest happiness, that which is otherwise felt as pain is present. Pain, we may say, is *latent* in our highest state. It lies hidden and unfelt in the form of devoted sacrifice ; but it is there, and it would make itself felt as pain if the love which finds joy in bearing it were absent.

James Hinton.

OUR SORROWS

The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur ; and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows.

Henry Giles.

THE MINISTRIES OF LIFE

It is not from the few conspicuous deeds of life that the blessings chiefly come which make the world better, sweeter, happier, but from the countless lowly ministries of the every days. the little faithfulnesses that fill long years.

J. R. Miller.

Have you had a kindness shown ?

Pass it on.

It was not given for thee alone ;

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in Heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

THE QUALITY OF GREATNESS

To be a servant of good in daily life, to scorn eye service, to lessen the domain of evil by withstanding temptation at every point, and keeping active in an aggressive warfare for righteousness ; to help whenever one may to lighten some burden heavier than one's own, this is true greatness. And such greatness may be achieved in the humblest outward surroundings.

Let us enter into each other's fears while we can, and let us make it plain that Love is the spoken language of true sympathy.

GOOD GIFTS

The blessedness of giving is not limited to cheques and bank bills. There are gifts that far transcend these—gifts of patience, sympathy, thought and counsel, and these are gifts the poorest can give.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom ;
Plant hate, and hate will grow ;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

PLOD ON

To go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations, to smile for the joy of others when the heart is aching . . . who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.

Dean Farrar.

Give and receive.
If we would have,
First we must give.
God has ordained
He who gives most
Nothing has lost,
But double has gained.

J. G. Whittier.

I HAD A FRIEND

Commend me to the friend that comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own ;
Who calmly shuns the glittering throng
At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a sombre hour
And gives his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom,
But, like the violet, seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky :
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But like the winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

He flits not with the flitting stork
That seeks a southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.

I HAD A FRIEND

Oh such a friend ; he is in truth,
 Whate'er his lot may be,
 A rainbow on the storm of life,
 An anchor on its sea.

HERE AND NOW

Friends, in this world of hurry
 And work and sudden end,
 If a thought comes quick of doing
 A kindness to a friend,
 Do it that very minute—
 Don't put it off, don't wait—
 What's the use of doing a kindness
 If you do it a day too late ?

Could we but draw back the curtains
 That surround each other's lives,
 See the naked heart and spirit,
 Know what spur the action gives,
 Often we should find it better,
 Purer than we judge we should ;
 We should love each other better
 If we only understood.

GIVING AND HAVING

For the heart grows rich in giving—
 All its wealth is living grain
 Seeds which mildew in the garner
 Scattered fill with gold the plain.

E. Charles

SYMPATHY

Christianity does not sear the human heart ; it softens it. They who forbid grief should, to be consistent, go further and forbid affection, for grief is only a state of the affections. If joy be felt in the presence of the loved object, grief must be felt in its absence. Christianity destroys selfishness, makes a man quick and sensitive for others, and alive to every call of affection. Moreover, dealing with infinite things, it imparts something of its own infinitude to every feeling. A Christian is a man whose heart is exquisitely attuned to all utterances of grief. Shall *he* not feel or mourn ? His Master wept over the grave of friendship. Tears of patriotism fell from His eyes. There is no unmanliness in tears ; it is not unchristian to yield to deep feeling. We may admire the stern old Roman heart, but we must not forget that the Roman stoicism is not of the spirit of Christianity, for Christianity says, " Weep ! "

F. W. Robertson.

If I can put some touches of ■ rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have walked with God.

G. Macdonald.

■ So long as we love we serve. So long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable, and no man is useless while he has a friend.

HIDDEN FAITH

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is in the field when He
Is most invisible.
He hides Himself so wondrously
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

F. W. Faber.

TO MY FRIEND

God never loved me in so sweet a way before,
'Tis He alone who can such blessings send,
And when His love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me, and He said,
" Behold a friend."

SORROW IN LIFE

When we walked under the forest aisles in
summer, the foliage hid from us God's sweet
skies ; but it was only when the desolating
winds of winter had made the branches bare
that through those very black and naked
boughs we could all the better discern God's
eternal guiding star.

J. P. Richter.

NOW

Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely—let me feel them *now* !
Think gently of me, I am travel worn ;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn,
Forgive, Oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !
And give the tenderness which *now* I need.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION

A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.
A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home.

All sort of right lives are worth while. The world needs them all. It needs the upright kind, uneducated, man or woman, just as it needs the upright kind, educated one. It needs the brave invalid as much as the brave soldier. Wherever a man or woman is, his or her life, if lived rightly, counts, and will have its reward.

Through sympathy the largest philosophy is learned, the finest revelation, the deepest conviction comes, for sympathy is the whisper of God.

J. M. Blake.

BLESSING IN THE CLOUD

There is music in the rainfall,
And a blessing in the cloud,
And refreshment to the flowers
When the dewy mists enshroud.
E'en the song birds' notes are sweeter,
Ringing forth o'er hill and plain,
As they praise the Sunshine-Giver
For the healing gift of rain.

There are sunny days of pleasure,
There are hours with sorrow rife,
For the light and shadow mingle
In our little span of life.
Then uplift thine eyes to Heaven
When the storms thy pathway shroud ;
For there's music in the rainfall,
And a blessing in the cloud.

WHAT TO GIVE

No man is so poor as to have nothing worth giving, as well might the mountain streamlets say they have nothing to give the sea because they are not rivers.

Give what you have : to some one it may be better than you dare think.

H. W. Longfellow.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

C. Buxton.

ASPIRATION AND ENERGY

Each one's battle must be a personal one. We may decline the struggle, but it will be declining also the joy of victory. No one can reach the summit without climbing the steep mountain-path. We cannot be borne up on any strong shoulder. No one, not even God, can carry us up. Heaven does not put features of beauty into our lives as the jeweller sets gems in clusters in a coronet. The unlovely elements are not removed and replaced by lovely ones like slides in the stereopticon. Each must win his way through struggles and efforts to all noble attainments. The help of God is given only in co-operation with human aspiration and energy. While God works in us, we are to work out our own salvation.

J. R. Miller.

There are few joys so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed ; and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily duties.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent
message came ;

If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

O. W. Holmes.

RECIPROCATE

If the world seems cold to you
 Kindle fires to warm it;
 Let then comfort hide from view
 Winters that deform it.
 Hearts as frozen as your own
 To that radiance gather,
 You will soon forget to moan
 Ah! the cheerless weather.

L. Larcom.

THE HOME LIFE

Sympathy for others is the true lever of all family life, for nothing oils the wheels of life so effectually as a pleasant manner and kind, sympathetic words and acts.

If the world's a vale of tears,
 Smile till the rainbows span it;
 Breathe the love that life endears
 Clear of clouds to fan it.
 Of your gladness lend a gleam
 Unto souls that shiver,
 Show them that dark sorrow's stream
 Blends with Hope's bright river.

L. Larcom.

Well chosen friendship, the most noble
 Of virtues, all our joys make double
 And into halves divides our troubles.

INDIVIDUALITY

Speak the word God bids thee !
No other word can reach
The chords that wait in silence
The coming of thy speech.

Do the work God bids thee !
One—only one still loom
Awaits thy touch and tending
In all this lower room.

Sing the song God bids thee !
One heart of earth's great throng
Needs for its perfect solace
The music of thy song.

A. J. Hough.

Carry the sunshine with you into the sick
room of your friend, and you will leave it
there when you depart.

Let the world be better, brighter
For your having trod its way ;
Let your light be seen afar,
Ere sinks down life's little day.

Scatter seeds of love and kindness
As you tread the heavenward road,
You will find them all again
In the paradise of God.

Sister Dora.

UNKNOWN INFLUENCE

Wayside roses drop and fade,
Bloom and die their own sweet way,
And know not where their fragrance goes
Floating, floating day by day.

Pass the foot-sore travellers
Breathing in the dusty air,
They catch the odour of the flowers
And bless the grateful perfume there.

Such our lives. Sweet words of kindness
Fall—we know not where or when,
Like the fragrance of the roses
Reaching far beyond our ken.

All who would joy win must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

Byron.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

J. G. Whittier.

Whatever you are, be that ;
Whatever you do, be true ;
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest in fact,
Be nobody else but you.

HOPE

Hope softens sorrows, brightens plain surroundings, and eases a hard lot. It is grief's best music.

A kindly word and a kindly deed,
A helpful hand in time of need,
With a strong true heart
To do his part—

Thus went the sower out with his seed,
Nor stayed in his toil to name his creed.

E. Dave.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain ;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson.

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